

A Congratulatory Poem
ON THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
Heneage Lord Finch, Baron of Daventry, Earl of Nottingham
AND
Lord High Chancellor
OF
E N G L A N D.

MY Lord, *Aristotle* the Learner'd did say
That Wit, and Vertue, always made the way
for their Allies, to mount bright Honours Chair,
By rendring of them Excellent and Rare.
A Man may rise in Greatness from his Blood,
But unless he, be Vertuous and Good,
He wanteth Weight, and equal Ballance High,
To make him truly Great, and from the Sky.
Blood without Vertue, 'tis but only Nature,
Without embellishing of the Creature.
But when together, are in hand and hand,
That Soul enjoys the Heavens and the Land.
Blood without Vertue's, but a dazeling Light,
And blinds the Opticks, more then clears the Sight.
But when Companions are, in the same way,
Honour comes up and makes her Holliday.
Blood without Vertue, is too often Vain,
Its Colour fading, because not dy'd in Grain.
But when with her, She Hawks up Honour high,
Says the most Learned in Divinity.
Vertue without Blood, does still make Honour
Essentially so, from Heavens great Donour.
Since that's the *Primum Mobile* of all,
Of things above, and below Terrestrial.
By her, Men are great, and that of Course,
For true Greatness flows from Heavens Source.
For what's nearest the thing, Logicians say,
Enjoys that most, which we call Honours day.
The Arts cry out, they only Honour have,
That understand how to be good and brave,
Learned, Just, Pious, and from Reason high,
As Men not born from Earth, but from the Sky.
Wisdom relates, that she Commission hath,
Honours to give, as she best pleaseth
To her Allies, those things she doth bestow,
That in our selves may live, and not Mankind owe
Any thing, but what our selves think Just,
The surest way discharging any Trust.
Wisdom's a Portion to the Sons of Men,
The softer Sex to the fine Women.

Vertue's Honour still, and from on high,
Honour without her, is but a Mystery;
And not so, from Reason, Sence nor Story,
Therefore I have done with Honours empty Glory.
But your great Soul still moves on Honour true,
Acted by th' powers above, above Red and Blew;
It loves to live with you, and with you will dye,
And beyond the Grave shall keep you Company.
Honour, the bright Star, from the Arts Spheers,
Honour the gay Plannet of our years,
The Youth most beautiful, Charming and Fair,
Courting the Maid Vertue, as in the Air,
The Sun himself courts all things here below,
And by its motion runs dayly to and fro,
Leading the Life of Love, as we do see,
Makes Men and Beasts take their felicitie.
Nature, Blood, Wit, Art, Wisdome most high;
Makes you so Rich, and so to signify.
In that you are not singly, but doubly Great,
By Fortunes Charms, and not by those of Fate.
You are so excellent, and of such parts,
Whether you will or no, you take all Hearts;
Bringing them to their great and chief Delight,
Their pains discharge, and settle them on the Right.
Your Picture in your Character may see,
As the Sun when smiling on a Willow Tree;
There your perfections, are rendred bright and rare,
As Angels Gay, do dance beyond the Air.
There we may see enough, of one fine Man,
That we we may imitate, and do the best we can;
For that which we can't Coppy, we must admire,
As *Persians* do the Suns bright Golden Fire.
When this great Oak must be cut down to die
By Death the Woodman and in the Grave to lie;
It shall be set in the Orchard above,
Near the purling River, of Heaven's great Love;
Where it shall thrive, and be water'd again,
Prun'd and be Trimm'd, and there rejoyce amain;
And so receive from time to time such pleasure,
Beyond Thought, Words, Fancie, and all Measure.

W. W.